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Spain has traded real estate for experience.

A Chicago millionaire paid a widow \$105,000 for the return of his love letters. Who says it doesn't pay to be sentimental?

American enterprise has recorded another victory, Commissioner General Peck having obtained 22,000 square feet more of space for our exhibits at the Paris Exposition. Now let all unite to show Europe the evidences of America's tremendous industrial achievements.

Consul Govey at Yokohama says there has been an astonishing increase in the imports of American flour into Japan. In 1892 the total import of flour was 1002 pounds, but in 1896 the business had swelled to a total of 32,000,000 pounds. During 1897 the quantity of imports slightly fell off, but the value increased \$36,183, as compared with the preceding year.

We call ourselves a big people, and we are in many respects, as for example, in the matter of size of our iron mills. Some American furnaces produce from 2500 to 4000 tons of pig iron every week, while the average weekly output in England is from 500 to 700 tons. This fact explains in part the ability of American iron manufacturers to successfully compete with English manufacturers.

On the island of Sardinia brigandage is apparently a more profitable pursuit than literature. Perhaps the same is true elsewhere. However, in the case of Italy's little island the death of Salis Giovanni Corbado, poet, novelist, historian—and brigand—proves it. Now that he is dead, it appears that robbery furnished him a living, while the composition of unsalable verses diverted his leisure hours. His productions are now being published.

Pending the construction of the "Cape to Cairo" railroad in Africa it is to be observed that there is at the present moment a highway open for travel over that very route, partly on lakes and rivers by steamer, and partly on land by railroad and wagon. It follows the Nile, the great lakes, and the grand track through Matabeleland and Mashonaland. The distance from Cape Town to Cairo is about 6250 miles, and it may be traversed in safety and comfort in eighty-five days.

The science of forestry aims to preserve the tree-covered surface of the earth, by cutting according to rules, which will insure a new tree for every old one removed. This it accomplishes and more. It clears out growths hurtful to those trees that have economical value. It discriminates between the more or less valuable timbers. It ascertains what kind of trees thrive best in particular soils and climates. It devises the means to destroy hurtful insects, and to prevent forest fires, and to preserve game and fish. It concerns itself with road-making and the improvement of water-courses to bring out timber at the smallest expense. In short, it proceeds upon the theory that forest culture is a business, a matter of dollars and cents on a large scale, extending not merely over a lifetime, but over the duration of the world. It is a sublime thought that when we take steps to preserve the forest we are conferring benefit upon human beings to all time.

**A Hound Defeats a Wolf.**  
A cowherd, Mike Sullivan, was attacked by a large wolf at Prospect Lake, Col., recently while attending his cattle. He flourished his club, but the beast snarled and refused to retreat. Matters were getting serious for the man when a Russian wolfhound appeared and a fierce fight followed. The hound was shaken off and the wolf escaped into the lake, but returned to shore soon, as the water was quite cold. The fight between the wolf and hound was renewed. This time the latter fastened on to his antagonist's neck, and held it until a few well-directed blows from a club ended the struggle.—New York Times.

## HOSANNA AND HUZZAH.

Ere ever the guns are silenced;  
Ere ever the mandate, Peace!  
Shall fall on the raging nations,  
Shall bid all their warfare cease;  
Ere ever the lamb in slumber  
Lies safe 'neath the lion's paw,  
We will cry to the East: Hosanna!  
We will call to the West: Huzzah!

A hymn to the God of Battles,  
Who giveth the conqueror's sword,  
Who leads to the glory of nations,  
Who binds for the weak one's word;  
A hymn for the grandest triumph  
E'er given the world to cheer,  
We will lift that the East may harken,  
We will sing that the West may hear.

Far over the waving banners  
The foundry's flame-plumes swirl;  
And over the stoker's blazons  
The flag which he helped unfurl.  
But if o'er our hearths one covers  
The glory of sacrifice—  
We will make to the East no moanings,  
We will make to the West no cries.

The dress of conquest kindle;  
The clink of our sword sounds far;  
The lion prays as he watches  
His whelp at the game of war,  
But ere we forget in our triumph,  
And lest we grow faint in our cause,  
We will cry to the East: Hosanna,  
We will shout to the West: Huzzahs.  
—Grace Duffie Boylan, in Chicago Journal.

## PRETTIEST ROMANCE OF ALL THE WAR.

By ADA PATTERSON.

[The most dramatic romance of the war with Spain is that of young Lieutenant Luke W. Terrill, of Louisville, Ky., and Senorita Maxia Antonius, of Barcelona, Spain. His situations are as adventurous as those of any melodrama, his motives as tender as those of any fairy ever written. It is a story of battle and death and mourning and love. Its recital is a bit of descriptive matter in which can be heard, first, the reveille, then a death cry, the mourning voice of a woman, a song of love and the chime of marriage bells. A Kentucky lieutenant and a Spanish captain and the girl who was the daughter of one and will be bride of the other, are the three chief figures in the romance.]

### I.

"YOU HAVE BEEN A GENEROUS FOE," I MPLORE you to keep the coat. Its bloodstains and its bullet holes will remind you of a Spaniard's death wound and his thanks. "American o, the darkness and the cold are come. Kiss me, my friend. Adios!"

A big, honest-eyed Kentuckian stooped above a dying Spaniard. He touched the paling, bearded lips with his hand and found that the darkness and the cold had indeed come.

A girl who had been holding the hand of the Spanish captain, Jesu Antonius, in hers felt the fingers stiffen and grow chill. She pressed her olive cheek close to his black-bearded one. Again she felt the chill. Weeping beside him there, it was easy to note the resemblance of her delicate profile to his harsher one, and to know that Captain Jesu Antonius, dead, and Maxia Antonius, mourning, were father and daughter.

Lieutenant Luke Terrill himself led the weeping girl away from the stark, soldierly figure on the hacienda veranda. A wrinkled, yellow denenna met him at the door and snatched the girl's hand from his arm. "Accursed Americano. There is your work. You shall not enter here!" Crossing herself and mumbling, she hurried the girl away, but not before Senorita Maxia Antonius had given a backward glance of grief and gratitude.

The Spanish physician tolerated the touch of the American upon the body of Captain Antonius. He saw it was a strong and wise and tender touch. He allowed him to help to carry the dead captain within. Then he dismissed him and Lieutenant Terrill returned to the detachment of men that had been stationed on the hacienda to save Captain Antonius's property from the revengeful and ravaging Porto Ricans.

He was a splendid young specimen of manhood, from that splendid rearing ground of men, Kentucky. He was a good six feet in height, and had a fine sweep of shoulders and the free stride of an Indian. His eyes were frank and blue. His hair and mustache were of the color of the chestnuts in the woods at home. He had written a long letter to his mother that morning.

"I am in charge of fifty men, who are guarding the hacienda of a rich Spaniard from Barcelona, who is skirmishing somewhere near Ponce. The Porto Ricans hate him because he is rich and Spanish and spends only a month or two here at the hacienda. Now that he has joined the army they are more vindictive than ever. There are only his daughter—a young woman, the most beautiful I ever saw; mother, who casts the most disdainful glances upon me and never deigns to speak—and three or four servants. It is rather monotonous, this role of unwelcome protector. I wish something would happen to stir the blood."

And something did happen before the ink was dry upon the paper. A little procession filed out of the woods and up the hill. A torn handkerchief waved from a branch the bearer had cut in the woods. It was a pitiful flag of truce, and the Lieutenant ordered his men to lower their guns. As the man came near it could be seen that the man bore a litter. The Kentuckian and his men went to meet them.

"I surrender, Americano; it is final," said the man on the litter, with a grim attempt at a joke. Lieutenant Terrill moistened the old man's lips from a canteen. He bade his own men relieve the tired man who carried the litter. He loosened the coat that seemed too tight for the heaving chest of the Spaniard in his death agony.

"You have protected my home and my little one? Thank! Thank!" "And so they had carried Captain Antonius to his home. He had begged that they let him rest upon the veranda.

"I am too tired. I can go no

further," he said. "I want to die on the hacienda, but in the sunshine. Call Maxia."

She had come and kissed his hands and wept as a frightened child. He had petted and soothed her and then turned to the big man who wore the uniform of the enemy.

"You have been a generous foe. Keep this coat. It will remind you of a Spaniard's death wound and his thanks.

"Americano, the darkness and the cold are come. Kiss me, my friend. Adios."

### II.

LIEUT. TERRILL'S STRANGE RELEASE. Lieutenant Terrill was ordered to Guyana the day after the death of the Spanish captain.

Carefully packed in his meagre luggage was a coat of Spanish army pattern with an officer's badge and the rents and the blood stains made by four American bullets. The withered, yellow denenna had brought it to him. Terrill did something foolish for a branny Kentucky officer when he packed that coat among his belongings. He looked upon the breast of the coat for the stain of tear drops from the pretty Senorita Maxia's eyes. He brushed like any girl. He called himself a sentimental fool.

The yellow fiend had been let loose at Ponce, and people were dying by the score. It was foolhardy for Lieutenant Terrill to wander there from Guyana. There were more dangers than that of yellow fever threatening visitors to Ponce. It had been abandoned by American soldiers, and Spanish sympathizers had resumed their tyranny. Lieutenant Terrill could give no satisfactory reason for his visit to Ponce. He was not apt to inventions, and had he told them that a fancy to be nearer the lovely senorita Maxia Antonius had been the moving cause of his journey they would have jeered at him for his presumption. They cried "Spy! Spy!" And so Lieutenant Terrill was thrown into prison.

He was not allowed to send a message to his regiment, nor to his home. While not uncommunicative, he was so despondent and feared as a spy that no one in Ponce would be the bearer of a word from him. The jailer was insolent, and the guards made ghostly pantomime of a blindfolded man before a line of men who were aiming Mauser rifles at him. And again, the Kentuckian called himself a fool, and smoked vigorously.

One day there was a disturbance outside the jail. Lieutenant Terrill looked through his barred windows. Was the pantomime of the blindfolded man standing before a line of Spanish soldiers with Mauser rifles to be enacted? He set his teeth firmly. He would die like a Kentuckian and an officer.

There were Spanish soldiers coming. They were armed with Mauser rifles. At their head, however, walked a young, graceful figure, whose bent head was gracefully draped with a lace mantilla. The outline of the olive cheek showed through. He had seen that cheek pressed against a bearded, dead face. Beside her walked a withered, yellow denenna.

They came to see him executed. Was it cruelty or pity?

His jailer unlocked the door. His manner was most deferential.

"You are free, Senor Americano." Senorita Antonius was just behind the jailer.

"I—you—it is pleasant that you are free, Senor," she stammered. "You were good to my dear father," and a tear trickled through her long black lashes.

Kentuckians are not laggards either in love or war. Lieutenant Terrill grasped the senorita's hand with both of his, even while the denenna gasped and the Spanish soldiers looked as though ready to aim Mauser rifles.

"Pleasant to be free, senorita, but heavenly to owe it to you," he cried, even while the olive face turned crimson.

They walked to the nearest hotel, the denenna and the senorita and the denenna, the guard having dispersed, because no longer necessary. Senorita Antonius shyly told how a Spanish color-sergeant, who was one of her suitors, had boasted that an American had been found prowling in the night about the hacienda, and that he had been imprisoned, and would be shot as a spy, though the color-sergeant's opinion was that he was a lunatic; how she had suspected that the lunatic was her late protector and her father's friend; how she had been able through the influence of her dead father's name to secure his release; and—well, how glad she was. She looked very sweetly at him then beneath the mantilla, though the denenna frowned and mumbled. Lieutenant Terrill, I have said, was no laggard in

war, and he proposed and was accepted.

The senorita and her denenna returned to the hacienda that day. The Lieutenant was to follow them the next, but the yellow fiend forbade it. Instead of going to the hacienda he was sent home on the Relief.

### III.

ANOTHER INTERNATIONAL MARRIAGE. Lieutenant Terrill is convalescing rapidly at his home at Louisville, but not half as quickly as he wishes. Every letter he receives from the Porto Rican hacienda makes him more impatient of the lassitude of illness.

One fact is assured. There will be a wedding in the little church at Ponce. Out in the church yard there is a grave two months old. It can be seen from the altar before which Senorita Maxia Antonius and Lieutenant Luke W. Terrill will plight their marriage vows. If Captain Jesu Antonius knows, he is glad.

It is the wish of the bride that they shall go to her home at Barcelona, Spain, on their wedding tour and the devoted Kentuckian would gladly go to the wilds of the Congo with her as companion. If the President will grant him leave of absence they will spend their honeymoon in Spain and return to the sunny hacienda in the spring.

Beside the beautiful bride's 2000 acres, near Ponce, and her ancestral estate in Spain, the happy pair will have one treasure trove, the bullet-ridden, blood-stained coat of a Spanish officer's uniform.—New York Journal.

### A NAPOLEONIC ENSIGN.

How Young Curtin, U. S. N., Demanded the Surrender of Ponce.

Richard Harding Davis, in an article in Scribner's Magazine on the Porto Rico Campaign, relates how Ensign Curtin demanded the surrender of Ponce, as follows:

He is about the youngest-looking boy in the navy, and he is short of stature, but in his methods he is Napoleonic. He landed, with a letter, for the military commander, which demanded the surrender of the port and city, and he wore his side-arms, and an expression in which there was no trace of pity. The Captain of the Port informed him that the military commander was at Ponce, but that he might be persuaded to surrender if the American naval officer would condescend to drive up to Ponce, and make his demands in person. The American officer fairly shook and quivered with indignation. "Zounds," and "Gadzooks," and "Eng is, sir," would have utterly failed to express his astonishment. Had it come to this, then, that an ensign, holding the President's commission, and representing such a ship of terror as the Wasp, was to go to a mere colonel, commanding a district of 60,000 inhabitants?

"How long will it take that military commander to get down here if he hurries?" demanded Ensign Curtin. The trembling Captain of the Port, the terrified foreign consul and the custom house officials thought that a swift-moving cab might bring him to the port in a half hour.

"Have your a telephone about the place?" asked the Napoleonic Curtin. They had.

"Then call him up and tell him that if he doesn't come down here in a half in thirty minutes and surrender, I shall bombard Ponce!"

This was the Ensign's ultimatum. He turned his back on the terrified inhabitants and returned to his gig. Four hacks started on a mad race for Ponce, and the central office of the telephone rang with hurry calls.

On his way out to the ship Ensign Curtin met Commander Davis on his way to the shore. "I shall extend his time another half hour," said Commander Davis. Ensign Curtin smiled sternly, making no criticism upon this weak generosity on the part of his superior officer, but he could afford to be magnanimous.

**Apple-Fed Deer.** The tameness of the deer in Maine is remarkable. They chum with cattle in the pastures and make themselves at home in barnyards, while a few cases are reported where men have made pets of deer and allowed them to fatten in their orchards, so that the animals might be good and fat when the shooting season opened. Such an apple-fed deer was brought to Bangor recently, and it is asserted that the fruit diet will greatly improve the flavor of the meat.

A man who was carting a load of apples along the road to Ellsworth, the other day, had a strange experience with hungry deer. The cart broke down, and the man decided to camp out on the road for the night. At midnight he was awakened by a crunching noise and found his outfit surrounded by a herd of deer who were helping themselves to the apples in the crates and boxes. The man had a gun, but it was one day before open time, and he had too much respect for the law to shoot.—New York Sun.

**The Heaviest Man on Earth.** If greatest were the test of avoirdupois the place of honor would be filled by Maurice Canon, a native of the small frontier town of Stein, in the State of Constance. This man is said to weigh not less than fifty stone, and may claim to be the heaviest man on earth. He measures over 100 inches around the waist and sixty-four around the thigh. His enormous weight does not apparently inconvenience him, for he is active and in robust health. He is a well-to-do, middle-aged farmer, and, though his gigantic proportions naturally make him an object of curiosity to his neighbors, he has declined all offers to stray from his native fields.—Humanitarian.

## TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE.

### Lovely Fight With a Bear.

Seward J. Baggerly, half back of the Clyde football team of 1896, has written to friends at Lyons, N. Y., from Dawson City, giving an account of a fight he had with a bear. Here is what he says:

"You can talk about your Spanish war, but I have had worse than the Spaniards to face. All summer I have been on Sulphur Creek and had a good time, also lots of fresh meat, for we killed two bears and three moose. On June 14 two men named Kavanagh and Greenen came to the cabin of Mr. Clark and myself and told us that the bears had been in the cabin of claim No. 42, and had taken a sack of flour and fruit, and they wanted us to watch for the beast that night.

"Clark said he would if Kavanagh and Greenen would stay all night, and they did. We all went up near the cabin, and lay behind a log to wait for the bear to come, but later Barney, Greenen and I went up the trail to No. 39 cabin to find out if they had seen the bear. As we approached 39 we saw the owner on the roof, and he told us that a large bear was going on to 42, and we must go back and tell the boys. The bear was, he said, going slowly along the ridge. When we returned we found that Mr. Clark had taken one of the rifles and had gone down to cabin 44 for some tobacco. As Barney was saying he would go and fetch Clark we heard the bear give two loud roars. I looked over the log, and there stood his bearship about 100 yards away, as large as a small horse.

"Presently the bear started toward the cabin and walked around it three times. Finally he stopped and put his front feet on the top of the cabin to see if any one was there. Then he walked up to the door and tore the door off as if it were paper. Soon he walked into the cabin, but in a few minutes came out again and started right toward us. When he was about one-third of the way, Kavanagh turned over and said to me: 'Shall we run?' I replied: 'No, give me your revolver and we will fight him.' We hadn't been waiting for him just to look at him and run.

"Kavanagh had his rifle and I had his revolver, and as we were about to fire the bear went back into the cabin. Occasionally the bear would stick his head out of the door to see if all was well. We lost sight of his bearship after a time, and we thought he had found something to eat. Soon I heard some one come running through the bushes, and there were Clark and Barney. Just then the bear came out of the cabin, and Kavanagh fired, striking the bear in the shoulder.

"The animal turned a complete somersault. Kavanagh fired again, then he and I ran after the bear. By this time the other men came up. One of them nearly fainted. He said: 'Take the rifle, I am out of breath.' I took the rifle and we started into the woods after the bear. Suddenly Kavanagh began to fire, and there was the bear on his hind legs coming right at us. You would have thought it was a Spanish-American battle by the sound of the shots we sent into that bear. We were obliged to unload two rifles and a revolver into his bearship before he was dead.

"I have been with many football players, and I never saw one so anxious to get hold of me as that bear was. And for the first time in my life I was afraid. The bear looked as big as a church, but of a different disposition. After he was dead we shrieked and howled, and all the people on Sulphur Creek knew what had happened, and there was a jolly time on old Sulphur that night. Later we had a guessing contest as to the bear's weight, and we all guessed about 700 pounds, but when the bear stood on his hind legs and came at us we thought he would easily weigh 7000 pounds.

"On July 25, about 4 o'clock in the morning, we were awakened by the yells of a man who had been sleeping on the ground not far away from our cabin. A black bear had arrived during the night and struck him on the leg. The frightened man grabbed his axe and began yelling for dear life. Barney killed the bear the first shot, but his bearship was small and lean and did not show fight. The large bear was a bald face.

**Exciting Epistle From India.** Dinner was just finished, and several English officers were sitting around the table. The conversation had not been animated, and there came a lull, as the night was too hot for snail talk. The Major of the regiment, a clean-cut man of fifty-five, returned toward his next neighbor at the table, a young subaltern, who was leaning back in his chair with his hands clasped behind his head, staring through the cigar smoke at the ceiling. The Major was slowly looking the man over, from his handsome face down, when, with a sudden alertness in a quiet, steady voice, he said: "Don't move, please, Mr. Caruthers. I want to try an experiment with you. Don't move a muscle."

"All right, Major," responded the subaltern, without even turning his eyes; "hadn't the least idea of moving, assure you! What's the game?" By this time all the others were listening in a lazily expectant way. "Do you think," continued the Major—and his voice trembled just a little—"that you can keep absolutely still for, say, two minutes—to save your life?" "Are you joking?" "On the contrary, move a muscle and you are a dead man. Can you stand the strain?" The subaltern barely whispered "Yes," and his face paled slightly.

"Burke," said the Major, addressing an officer across the table, "pour some of that milk into a saucer, and set it on the floor here just at the back of me. Gently, man! Quiet!" Not a word was spoken as the officer quietly filled the saucer, walked with it carefully around the table, and set it down where the Major had indicated on the floor. Like a marble statue sat the young subaltern in his white linen clothes, while a cobra de capello which had been crawling up the leg of his trousers slowly raised its head, then turned, descended to the floor, and glided toward the milk. Suddenly the silence was broken by the report of the Major's revolver, and the snake lay dead on the floor. "Thank you, Major," said the subaltern, as the two men shook hands warmly; "you have saved my life!" "Your welcome, my boy," replied the senior; "but you did your share."

### A Providential Rescue.

The good ship Regular, while on a voyage from Liverpool to Bombay, was caught off the Cape of Good Hope in a gale. She sprung a serious leak, and captain and crew had to take to the boisterous sea in open boats. They had run so far off the course of vessels that there was small prospect of rescue. "What seemed the direct intervention of Providence was evident in their case," says Commander Pasco, in "A Roving Commission."

Captain Boi, of the French frigate L'Almene, who rescued the captain and crew from the boats, tells how it was brought about. He was on the deck of his vessel at the moment, as afterward appeared, when the sinking ship was abandoned, and remarking to the officer of the watch that it was time to change the course of L'Almene, he went below to consult the chart.

"I went into my cabin," he says, "for the sole purpose of consulting the chart, but paused for a moment to glance at a book that lay open on the table. There I fell asleep, a most unusual thing for me during daylight. I slept on, I knew not how long, but when I waked it was dark and I was both cold and hungry. My last waking thought had been of changing the vessel's course; and I went on deck, supposing that that had been done, but found the ship still steering east.

"How is this?" I asked; "did I not direct the course to be altered?" "I was told that you were going to consult the chart," replied the officer, "and then fix the course."

"So I did; what time is it?" I asked. "Past midnight, sir; this is the middle watch."

"All right," I said, "we will continue on this course until we get sights for longitude in the morning."

"Before that was done we had sighted one boat and rescued its crew; and we kept on the same course until we found the second boat."

**The Charge at Malacava.** Of the bold and heroic charge of the Light Brigade a hundred incidents are preserved—thrilling, humorous, shocking. The Cornhill Magazine tells of a man of the Seventeenth Lancers, who was heard to shout, just as they raced in upon the guns, a quotation from Shakespeare, "Who is there here would ask more men from England?" The regimental butcher of the Seventeenth Lancers was engaged in killing a sheep when he heard the trumpets sound for the charge. He leaped on a horse; in shirt sleeves, with bare arms, and pipe in mouth, rode through the whole charge, slew, it is said, six men with his own hand, and came back again, pipe still in mouth! A private of the Eleventh was under arrest for drunkenness when the charge began; but he broke out, followed his troop on a spare horse, picked up a sword as he rode, and shared in the rapture and perils of the charge. The charge lasted twenty minutes; and was ever before such daring or such suffering packed into a space so brief! The squadrons rode into the fight numbering 673 horsemen; their mounted strength when the fight was over was exactly 105.

It was all a blunder; but it evoked a heroism which made the blunder itself magnificent. And as long as brave deeds can thrill the imagination of men the story will be remembered of how—

"Stormed at with shot and shell,  
Boldly they rode and well,  
Into the jaws of death,  
Into the mouth of hell;  
Noble six hundred!"

**Max O'Rell's Tobacco Pouch.** "On April 14," says Max O'Rell, "my regiment received orders to attack Neully bridge, a formidable position held by the Communists. We had no cavalry to do the work, so the artillery was ordered to send the cannon away and to charge the force occupying the bridge. Forty men under my command were chosen. I reviewed my men. One of them looked sulky. 'What's the matter with you?' I asked. 'Why, Lieutenant,' he replied, 'we shall none of us come back; the job is a big one. I should like to have a pipe before going, and I have no tobacco.' 'Look here, old fellow,' I said, 'fill your pipe and have a smoke. We charge in ten minutes.' I gave him my pouch. He filled his pipe and smoked. He said nothing beyond 'Thank you!'

"We started by a by-street, and, as soon as we appeared on the main road, 400 yards from the bridge, we made a dash. What the Germans had not done some comrade of mine succeeded in doing. I fell severely wounded. Out of the forty men who started ten took the bridge. I was quickly picked up and taken to a house in safety by one of my men—the one whose pipe I had helped to fill. For such a small service a French soldier will risk his life, and I have always thought I owed mine to my tobacco pouch."

## ON THE FARM.

Well, boys, the corn is gittin' dry  
And huskin' time is draw'n' nigh!  
It does my wrinkled old heart good  
To look out where the green corn stood  
And see instead shoots turnin' brown  
And punkins lollin' all aroun'—  
The old redskins they spite my eyes  
For anythin' but punkin pies.

I see the airy frost has come  
And teched the path of cabbage some;  
I hope the winter wheat ain't hurt,  
Last week it tuck a lively spurt;  
So, with some snow to mat it well,  
I reckon it can wait a spell—  
I never think a grain of wheat  
Looks like them "rolls" that town folks eat!

The turkeys is a-grow'n' fat;  
If them birds know where they was at,  
They wouldn't stuff themselves that way,  
Perridin' fer Thanksgiving day.  
The crops is in; the fall is here—  
And what a old rip-artin' year!  
It makes my wrinkled old heart swell  
Sometimes to—hear that dinner bell!

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"His Honor is at steak," said the waiter when the county judge was at dinner.  
Bob—"What makes you think a leopard can change his spots?" Fred—"Well, he can change his hide'n places, can't he?"

"What's in a name?" a recent traveler was heard to exclaim. "Why, about the hottest country on the globe is Chili!"

"Was there much damage to the library by fire?" "Well, all the rare books are well done now.—Yonkers Statesman.

A somewhat weather-beaten tramp, being asked what was the matter with his coat, replied, "Insomnia; it hasn't had a nap in ten years."

He (desperately)—"Will you marry me? I've asked you to marry me twice." She (languidly)—"No; I wouldn't even marry you once."—Adams Freeman.

"Your replies are very tart," said the young husband. Then he hastily added: "But they are not as tart as those that mother made."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Twynn—"A lately-discovered antiseptic is called by its German discoverer, 'Potassiumorthodinitrorescolate.' Triplett—"How did he discover its name?"—Pack.

Cholly—"Yas, several years ago I fell deeply in love with a girl, but she rejected me—made a regular fool of me." Molly—"And you never got over it?"—Brooklyn Life.

Visitor (in insane asylum)—"And this poor fellow is the father of triplets. Why does he continually call for a gun?" Attendant—"He thinks he sees a stork, mum."—Town Topics.

Madam (to riding master)—"Well, sir, do you think I make any progress?" Riding Master—"Certainly; you fall much more gracefully than you used to when you first began."—Bicycling World.

"That's quite a draft from the west this morning," remarked the banker to the cashier as they glanced over the mail. The new office boy promptly closed the transom and again stood at attention.—Detroit Free Press.

"Did you see the story of that fellow with only \$800 who succeeded in falling for \$80,000?" "Sure." "What do you think of it?" "Well, I wouldn't like to do it myself, but I would like to be able to do it."—Chicago Evening Post.

Sabbath School Teacher—"Why, Petey Murphy! Fighting again? Did not last Sunday's lesson teach that when you are struck on one cheek to turn the other to the striker?" Petey Murphy—"Yes'm; but he welted me on the nose, an' I only got one."

A traveler announces as a fact (and though he is a "traveler" we believe him) that he once in his life beheld people "minding their own business." This remarkable occurrence happened at sea, the passengers being "too sick" to attend to each other's concerns.

Doctor—"Well, Johnny, don't you feel better since I gave you the medicine?" Doctor—"Yes; I forgot all about being ill." Doctor—"That's what I thought; and it wasn't hard to take, was it?" Johnny—"Well it was rather, for it took two of us boys to hold Carlo while we gave it to him."

"I should think you would get some work to do," said the elderly lady to a tramp who had left his friend at the gate. "I'm working at my regular business, right along, madam," said the itinerant. "And what might your regular business be?" "Traveling companion, madam."—Yonkers Statesman.

Teacher—"Johnny, can you tell me what is meant by 'steward'?" Johnny—"A steward is a man that doesn't mind his own business." Teacher—"Why, where did you get that idea?" Johnny—"Well I looked it up in the dictionary, and it said: 'A man who attends to the affairs of others.'"—Truth.

## A Budget of Definitions.

**Memory**—The index to a person's thoughts.  
**Barytone**—The singer who is classed as a bass imitation.  
**Sympathy**—The connecting link between joy and sorrow.  
**Bluff**—A pretty good substitute for anything but brains.

**Roomy**—The flat with many rooms, but with no room in any of them.  
**Sentiment**—A good thing as long as it can be kept on a paying basis.  
**Silence**—Something that is especially golden when we have nothing to say.

**Conscience**—The part of a man that hurts him when his neighbor does wrong.—Chicago Daily News.

## A Waterloo Trophy.